Longwood, June 2, 1870.

Dear Wife:

After taking our lunch on Tuesday at a restaurant in Bleeker street, George and I got into a car for Central Park, and were almost instantly joined by Mr. Wright, Ellie's father, who, on seeing us getting in, followed to give us a greeting — the surprise and pleasure being mutual. He had been to Philadelphia, and was on his way to Auburn that evening; so, ascertaining that we were on our way to the Park, he said he would accompany us, if we had no objection. We enjoyed the excursion highly — the weather proved fair, for the time being — we rode all about the Park for an hour at the reasonable charge of 25 cents each, and obtained many fine views. The Park has been much improved since my former visit to it, especially in the multiplication and growth of the trees. Mr. Wright was in good health and spirits, and expected to reach home the next morning at breakfast time.

I returned to Orange that evening, though Wendell had to remain behind to see the Nation put to press, and I suppose passed the night with George. Both of them are in good health. George talks of being with us a week from next Saturday, at Rockledge, and remaining a week — partly in reference to his teeth, which, in spite of all the care he has taken of them, indicate a premature decay.

Yesterday morning I rose at 5 o'clock, and wrote an article for the Independent on the Ecumenical Alliance, which I handed to Oliver on reaching the city; but whether it will appear in the next number he did not say.

At half past 12 we crossed over to Jersey, and took the cars for Longwood. Our company consisted of Oliver and Mrs. Swain, William Henry Channing and Dr. Smith, Henry Anthony and myself. The weather was sultry but

V 7 P 116

cloudy, and the ride somewhat tedious, as we were compelled to take different seats, and so had no chance for social intercourse by the way. We arrived at the station about 6 o'clock, where we found Jacob and William Cox (the sons) waiting with their teams to convey us to the old homestead of John and Hannah Cox — about two miles off — where we (i.e. Henry and myself, being as yet, the only guests) received an old fashioned welcome from the venerable parents, and who inquired after you and the children with affectionate interest. They seem to have grown no older, though it is two years since we were here last.

Sarah Pugh took the train at the Philadelphia station; but, being in another car, we were not aware of the fact till after we arrived here. She and Channing are stopping at Chandler Darlington's.

V7 p116

Isaac and Dinah Mendenhall have gone on a trip to California; but Oliver and Mary Anne and Mrs. Savin are finding hospitable entertainment at their house, the daughter being housekeeper.

They have had rain here for the last eight or ten days, and the roads are in the worst condition; so that the attendance will probably much smaller than usual at the meetings. I believe it is expected that Lucretia Mott will come, but she said nothing to me about it when I saw her at Orange. Mrs. Stanton was also coming, but has "backed down" perhaps because I am here. I shall not regret her absence.

I am badly caught here, having left my rubbers at Orange, and the mud is ancle deep. My buckskin shoes will prevent my walking for pleasure.

I miss Helen and Harold greatly. Hoping all is going on well at home, I remain Your loving W. L. G.